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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

FABLES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

The SHEPHERD *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
is head was filver'd o'er with age,
nd long experience made him fage;
fummer's heat and winter's cold
e fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
is hours in chearful labour flew,
or envy nor ambition knew;
is wifdom and his honeft fame
hrough all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight-oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of PLATO weigh'd?
Hath SOCRATES thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?
Or, like the wiſe ULYSSES thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws and manners weigh'd?
The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd.
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.

Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy, and nuptial love,
learn my duty from the dove.
'he hen, who from the chilly air
'ith pious wing protects her care;
nd ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parents charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
n converſation over-bear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
y tongue within my lips I reign;
who talks much, muſt talk in vain.
from the wordy torrent fly:
ho liſtens to the chattering pye?
r would I, with felonious flight,
ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
acious animals we hate:
s, hawks, and wolves deſerve their fate.
not we juſt abhorrence find
inſt the toad and ſerpent kind:

But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
  Thy fame is juſt the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

TO HIS HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

The LION, *the* TYGER, *and the* TRAVELLER.

ACCEPT, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
And in theſe tales mankind ſurvey;
Vith early virtues plant your breaſt,
'he ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
'rinces, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of truth.
earn to contemn all praiſe betimes;
or flattery's the nurſe of crimes:
iendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown,
virtue never near a throne);
courts ſuch freedom muſt offend,
ere none preſumes to be a friend.
thoſe of your exalted ſtation
ch courtier is a dedication:
uſt I too flatter like the reſt,
d turn my morals to a jeſt?
e Muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe,
ho thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.

But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant-boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Diſcern you gen'rous, mild, and kind:
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.

A Tyger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies.
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws diſtil with blood;
Till vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted foe extends his length.
The man beſought the ſhaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the gen'rous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,

The Lion thus befpoke his gueft.
What hardy beaft fhall dare conteft
My matchlefs ftrength! you faw the fight,
And muft atteft my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My ftarving flaves at diftance roam:
Within thefe woods I reign alone,
The boundlefs foreft is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the favage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
Thefe carcafes on either hand,
Thofe bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath thefe jaws what numbers fell.
True, fays the Man, the ftrength I faw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But fhall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in fo falfe a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
e lov'd: let juftice bound your might.
ean are ambitious heroes boafts
wafted lands and flaughter'd hofts.
ates their power by murders gain,
ife king's by love and mercy reign.
me your clemency hath fhown
e virtue worthy of a throne.
av'n gives you pow'r above the reft,
e Heav'n to fuccour the diftreft.

The cafe is plain, the Monarch faid;
Falfe glory hath my youth mifled;
For beafts of prey, a fervile train,
Have been the flatt'rers of my reign.
You reafon well. Yet tell me friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me.

FABLE II.

The SPANIEL *and the* CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to difobey command,
In pamper'd eafe his hours were fpent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, fo pert, fo fmart,
Were fure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mifchief gain'd him praife;
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was fouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air.
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the fofteft ground:
When near him a Cameleon feen,
Was fcarce diftinguifh'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring hoſt,
What, live with clowns! a genius loſt!
To cities and the court repair;
fortune cannot fail thee there:
referment ſhall thy talents crown,
elieve me, friend; I know the town.
Sir, ſays the Sycophant, like you,
)f old, politer life I knew:
ike you, a courtier born and bred,
ing's lean'd their ear to what I ſaid.
Iy whiſper always met ſucceſs;
'he ladies prais'd me for addreſs.
knew to hit each courtier's paſſion,
\nd flatter'd ev'ry vice in faſhion.
ut JOVE who hates the liar's ways,
t once cut ſhort my proſp'rous days;
nd, ſentenc'd to retain my nature,
'ransform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obſcure and mean,
I wander in the ſylvan ſcene.
For JOVE the heart alone regards;
He puniſhes what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy caſe and mine!
With men at leaſt you ſup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
Like thoſe I flatter'd, feed on air.

FABLE III.

The MOTHER, *the* NURSE, *and the* FAIRY.

GIve me a ſon. The bleſſing ſent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half ſo fair and wiſe.
Wak'd to the morning's pleaſing care,
The Mother roſe and ſought her heir.
She ſaw the Nurſe, like one poſſeſs'd,
With wringing hands, and ſobbing breaſt.
Sure ſome diſaſter has befel:
Speak, Nurſe; I hope the boy is well.
Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Inviſible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the fathers mouth and noſe,
The mother's eyes, as black as ſloes?
See here, a ſhocking aukward creature,
That ſpeaks a fool in ev'ry feature.
The woman's blind, the mother cries;
I ſee wit ſparkle in his eyes.
Lord! Madam, what a ſquinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke a Pigmy Sprite
Pops through the key-hole, ſwift as light;

Perch'd on the cradle's top he ſtands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
Whence ſprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools ſupply?
What! give our ſprightly race away,
For the dull helpleſs ſons of clay!
Beſides, by partial fondneſs ſhown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And ſhould we change with human breed,
Well might we paſs for fools indeed.

FABLE IV.

The EAGLE, *and the aſſembly of* ANIMALS.

AS JUPITER's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent,
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
JOVE calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him ſtands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are JOVE's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal,
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.
Hard is my lot, the Hound replies,
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.
When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The hound is slow, but always sure.
And had I his sagacious scent,
JOVE ne'er had heard my discontent.
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox, the Lion's force and heart.
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light:
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The Beasts, to skim beneath the main;
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud,
[J]ove bids disperse the murm'ring croud;
[T]he god rejects your idle prayers.
[W]ould ye, rebellious mutineers,
[E]ntirely change your name and nature,
[A]nd be the very envy'd creature?
[W]hat, silent all, and none consent!
[B]e happy then, and learn content:
[N]or imitate the restless mind,
[A]nd proud ambition of mankind.

FABLE V.

The WILD BOAR *and the* RAM.

AGainst an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd:
[T]he patient flock, in silent fright,
[F]rom far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.
All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murd'rer is in view;
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge, is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes:
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of ev'ry ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.
Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes the ſlumb'ring ſons to war;
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

FABLE VI.

The MISER *and* PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes.
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks:
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the cheſt with treaſures ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt,

By conscience stung, he wildly stares;
And thus his guilty soul declares.
Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompence the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more.
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser trembling, lock'd his chest;
The Vision frown'd, and thus addrest.
Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
Each sordid rascal's daily cant.
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;

And power (when lodg'd in their poffeffion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreffion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheft,
Gold is the canker of the breaft;
'Tis av'rice, infolence, and pride,
And ev'ry fhocking vice befide.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleffes, like the dews of heaven:
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes;
Their crimes on gold fhall mifers lay,
Who pawn'd their fordid fouls for pay?
Let bravoes then (when blood is fpilt)
Upbraid the paffive fword with guilt.

FABLE VII.

The LION, *the* FOX, *and the* GEESE.

A Lion, tir'd with ftate affairs,
Quite fick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Refolv'd (remote from noife and ftrife)
In peace to pafs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was fet;
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And ftrive who moft fhall condefcend.

He ſtrait aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face,
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe:
Each word hath weight and conſequence.
The flatt'rer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power, is ſure of praiſe.
A Fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt.
How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!

He ſaid. A Gooſe, who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;

If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!

FABLE VIII.

The LADY *and the* WASP.

WHAT whispers must the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where-e'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chace.
But who can drive the num'rous breed?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As DORIS, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy Waſp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms:
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipt the dew.
She frowns, ſhe frets. Good gods! ſhe cries,
Protect me from theſe teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that heav'n hath ſent,
A Waſp is moſt impertinent.
The hov'ring inſect thus complain'd.
Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the whole miſtake.
Thoſe cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew.
Strike him not, JENNY, DORIS cries,
Nor murder Waſps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.
In extacies away he poſts;
Where-e'er he came, the favour boaſts:
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhews the ſugars on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew.
Sure of succeſs away they flew.
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play;
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX:

The BULL *and the* MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd, inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood.
Spurning the ground the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud. Suſpend the fight;
In a whole ſkin, go, ſleep to night:
Or tell me ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?

Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings.
The ſurly Maſtiff thus returns.
Within my boſom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind,
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.
Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Muſt, like thy tutor, blood purſue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground;
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FABLE X.

The ELEPHANT *and the* BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas, to unknown ſoils,

With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which ADAM never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
BORRI records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To PLINY's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read!

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were ev'ry beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.

Their natures and their powers were writ,
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
Man with ſtrong reaſon is endow'd;
A beaſt ſcarce inſtinct is allow'd.
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he diſcern the diff'rent natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath ſhown
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſely is the ſpaniel drawn!
Did Man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He, the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts diſcern,
You'll find a ſpaniel ſtill might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his cenſure or his wonder?
From courtiers tricks, and lawyers arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curſes, for their thirſt of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beaſts kill for hunger, men for pay.
The Bookſeller, who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a page of Greek,

Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus addreſs'd with bow profound.
 Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
Or write the hiſtory of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, ſince you're learn'd in Greek, let's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity.
 When wrinkling with a ſneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wiſe:
Leave man on man to criticiſe;
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the ſenſeleſs ſons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a ſharper ſpur than pay.
No author ever ſpar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

FABLE XI.

The PEACOCK, *the* TURKEY, *and the* GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.

 As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the Poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.

He, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;
His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight:
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns.
 Mark, with what inſolence and pride,
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkies have the whiter ſkin.
 From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe,
And next was heard the hiſſing Gooſe.
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws.
Then what a horrid ſquawling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.
True. Thoſe are faults, the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks you may deſpiſe:
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain:
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,

And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemiſh ſtrikes an envious mind.

Thus in aſſemblies have I ſeen
A nymph of brighteſt charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing ſcandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, *and* PLUTUS.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the leſſer powers of love;
Some ſhape the bow, or fit the ſtring;
Some give the taper ſhaft its wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold:
Amidſt their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with aſſuming air,
Addreſs'd the God. Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are no better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes.

They ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The huſband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due reſtriction;
And ſhe as well likes contradiction:
She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, ſhe t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe.
Nothing can ſave him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of courſe.
When, ſays the Boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly ſpend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For ſettlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witneſs to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.
Plutus appear'd, and ſaid, 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view:
They ſeek not beauty, wit or ſenſe;
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can BELINDA blame her fate?
She only aſk'd a great eſtate.

Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord muſt give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune aſks, and aſks no more.

Av'rice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

The tame STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket paſt,
The branches held his antlers faſt;
A clown, who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung.
Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipt with half a crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How ſleek's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was ſo charming!
At firſt within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze
And diſtant awe preſumes to gaze;

Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He ſteals my little maſter's bread,
Follows the ſervants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines ev'ry fiſt for meat,
And though repuls'd, diſdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a red coat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face;
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace.
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

FABLE XIV.

The MONKEY *who had ſeen the world.*

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes:
For men in diſtant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.

So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls; with mimic play
He twirles her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like ORPHEUS burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow:

But all, with envy and desire,
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive; in flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite.
He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

The PHILOSOPHER *and the* PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree, the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes.
But where he paſt, he terror threw,
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight:
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?
As thus he walk'd in muſing thought
His ear imperfect accents caught;

With cautious ſtep he nearer drew,
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheaſant ſtood,
Around her all the liſt'ning brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd.
No dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture truſt
Than man; of animals the worſt.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep, whoſe annual fleece is dy'd,
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms, who, with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole ſummer days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, the race deſtroy'd.
What tribute from the gooſe is paid!
Does not her wing all ſcience aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral uſe?
He takes the quills, and eats the gooſe.
Man then avoid, deteſt his ways;
So ſafety ſhall prolong your days.

When ſervices are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we Pheaſants muſt be ſpitted.

FABLE XVI.

The PIN *and the* NEEDLE.

A Pin who long had ſerv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her ſleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or giv'n her knot a ſmarter air,
Now neareſt to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail diſgrac'd:
But could ſhe partial fortune blame,
Who ſaw her lovers ſerv'd the ſame?
At length from all her honours caſt,
Through various turns of life ſhe paſt;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miſer's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She viſits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham-hall was loſt,
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On ev'ry ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What leaſt was underſtood admires.

'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoſo kind.
And pray what's this, and this, dear ſir?
A Needle, ſays the interpreter.
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a taylor's tool.
A Needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'er-grown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts.
But tell me how the friendſhip grew
Between that paultry flint and you?
Friend, ſays the Needle, ceaſe to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake.
Who then can ſuch a friend forſake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treach'rous ſand;
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milleners been bred,
What had I been! the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you.

FABLE XVII.

The ſhepherd's DOG *and the* WOLF.

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:
Deep in the wood ſecure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils and watch'd the ſnare;
In vain the dog purſu'd his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
Let us a while the war ſuſpend,
And reaſon as from friend to friend.
A truce? replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great ſouls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrant's never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare.
Friend, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;

As ſuch, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis neceſſary Wolves ſhould eat.
If mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy boſom burn with real zeal;
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beſeech,
To him repeat the moving ſpeech:
A Wolf eats ſheep but now and then,
Ten thouſands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curſe,
But a pretended friend is worſe.

FABLE XVIII.

The PAINTER *who pleaſed no body and every body.*

LEST men ſuſpect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler, leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never ſeems abſurd;
The flatter'd always takes your word;
Impoſſibilities ſeem juſt;
They take the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er ſo great,
Will ſtill come ſhort of ſelf-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;

He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid:
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength;
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd;
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A VENUS' and APOLLO's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Whoever ſat, he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected ev'ry feature,
And ſpirited each awkward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and ſeated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of TITIAN's tints, of GUIDO's air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a RAPHAEL's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;

The feature fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Obſerve the work. My Lord reply'd,
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long;
Dear ſir, for me, 'tis far too young.
Oh! pardon me, the artiſt cry'd,
In this we painters muſt decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes muſt ſtrike,
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it a-new;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A Lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his VENUS form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age ſome charm he lent,
Ev'n Beauties were almoſt content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

The LION *and the* CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in ev'ry thing, but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke,
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He feeks his royal fire's retreat:
Forward, and fond to fhow his parts,
His Highnefs brays; the Lion ftarts.
Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converfation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noify race,
Are trumpets of their own difgrace.
Why fo fevere? the Cub replies;
Our fenate always held me wife,
How weak is pride! returns the fire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire!
But know, what ftupid affes prize,
Lions and noble beafts defpife.

FABLE XX.

The Old HEN *and the* COCK.

RESTRAIN your child; you'll foon believe
The text which fays, we fprung from EVE.

As an old Hen led forth her train,
And feem'd to peck to fhew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, fhe fcratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the fpacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin fprings,

And prone ſhe drops. The Mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſs'd.
  A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
  My ſon, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a Mother's cares.
I ſee you vig'rous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.
Print this my counſel on thy breaſt;
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt.
  He thank'd her care: yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey;
And every time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.
  Why was this idle charge? he cries:
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place,
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus ſaid. He mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat anſwer'd threat, his fury grew,
Headlong to meet the war he flew.
But when the watry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd.
I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my Mother's prohibition.

FABLE XXI.

The RAT-CATCHER *and* CATS.

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
BETTY was every morning chid.
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon,
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken:
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd, and laid waſte.
She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An Engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;

Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally's made.
An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unſeen, attends his ſilent pace.
She ſaw, that, if his trade went on,
The purring race muſt be undone;
So, ſecretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils,
And Puſs again the labour foils.
What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries: this very hour
The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my power.
So ſaid. A pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
Smuggler, ſays he, thou ſhalt be made
A victim to our loſs of trade.
The captive Cat with piteous mews
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
One int'reſt is our common care.
What inſolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!

A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life.
In ev'ry age and clime we ſee,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for incroaching;
'Squire ſtigmatizes 'ſquire for poaching:
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And ſcandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own.
But let us limit our deſires;
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'ſquires:
For though we both one prey purſue,
There's game enough for us and you.

FABLE XXII.

The GOAT *without a Beard.*

'TIS certain, that the modiſh paſſions
Deſcend among the crowd, like faſhions.
Excuſe me then; if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, aſſes, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I ſay, that theſe are proud. What then?
I never ſaid, they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected ſingularity.

Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention ſtood,
Fix'd, o'er his image in the flood.
I hate my frowzy beard, he cries;
My youth is loſt in this diſguiſe.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.
Reſolv'd to ſmooth his ſhaggy face,
He ſought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, ſpruce and ſmart,
Hard by, profeſs'd the dapper art.
His pole with pewter baſons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order ſtrung;
Rang'd cups, that in the window ſtood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who ſhav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And ſeats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, noſe and cheek the lather hides;
Light, ſmooth and ſwift the razor glides.
I hope your cuſtom, ſir, ſays pug.
Sure never face was half ſo ſnug!
The Goat, impatient for applauſe,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
The ſhaggy people grinn'd and ſtar'd.
Heighday! what's here? without a beard!

Say, brother, whence the dire diſgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?
When thus the Fop with ſmiles of ſcorn:
Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muſcovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village ſtray,
Are we not mock'd along the way;
Inſulted with loud ſhouts of ſcorn,
By boys our beards diſgrac'd and torn?
Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reaſon well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beſide,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou ſtand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!
Coxcombs, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
To all but coxcombs are a jeſt.

FABLE XXIII.

The Old WOMAN *and her* CATS.

WHO friendſhip with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;

And if a modeſt girl is ſeen
With one who cures a lover's ſpleen,
We gueſs her, not extremely nice,
And only wiſh to know her price.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
Beſide a little ſmoaky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and froſt;
Her ſhrivell'd hands, with veins emboſt,
Upon her knees her weight ſuſtains,
While palſy ſhook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd ſcold of fourſcore years.
About her ſwarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus ſhe ſputter'd. Hence, ye crew.
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, ſuch fiends, a helliſh train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I, for a witch, had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe, that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noiſe;
Straws laid acroſs my pace retard,
The horſe-ſhoe's nail'd (each threſhold's guard)
The ſtunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I ſhould up and ride;

They ſtick with pins my bleeding ſeat,
And bid me ſhow my ſecret teat.
To hear you prate would vex a ſaint;
Who hath moſt reaſon of complaint?
Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er ſtarv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beaſts of chace.
'Tis infamy to ſerve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys againſt our lives combine,
Becauſe, 'tis ſaid, your cats have nine.

FABLE XXIV.

The BUTTERFLY *and the* SNAIL.

ALL upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the ſun-ſhine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a roſe;
With pert conceit his boſom glows,
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he 'ſpies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
What means yon peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimſon hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from diſgrace.
What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth.
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe and ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At beſt,
He's but a caterpillar, dreſt;
And all thy race (a num'rous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

FABLE XXV.

The SCOLD *and the* PARROT.

THE huſband thus reprov'd his wife:
Who deals in ſlander, lives in ſtrife.
Art thou the herald of diſgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which ſpares nor friend, nor ſex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual diſcord ſowing!
Like fame, it gathers ſtrength by going.
Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,
How ſolemn is the fool! how wiſe!
Is nature's choiceſt gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!

You praiſe his talk, his ſquawling ſong;
But wives are always in the wrong.
  Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces;
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huſſy, drunkard, ſlattern, whore;
On all the ſex ſhe vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
  At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her.
Puſs ſpits; the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels aſſaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out ſcream'd her rage.

  A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling Women are deſpis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you ſtretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues;
One ſlander muſt ten thouſand get,
The world with int'reſt pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

The CUR *and the* MASTIFF.

A Sneaking Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another cat ſupply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid.
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and ſtrok'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread.
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd;
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd.
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly Dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The maſter took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And begg'd in juſtice to be heard.

The maſter ſat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting ſtand:
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
 Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treach'ry can be juſt,
Take not informers words on truſt.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
 He ſpoke. And all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd, the Maſtiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

The SICK MAN *and the* ANGEL.

IS there no hope? the ſick man ſaid.
 The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave, with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
 When thus the Man, with gaſping breath:
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion.
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.

The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends,
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown.
An angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere.
This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why ſuch haſte! the Sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heav'n deſigns?

Perhaps I may recover ftill.
That fum and more are in my will.
  Fool, fays the Vifion, now 'tis plain.
Your life, your foul, your heav'n was gain.
From ev'ry fide, with all your might,
You fcrap'd, and fcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
  While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why fuch hafte? fo groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

The PERSIAN, *the* SUN, *and the* CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
  Whofe ev'ry thought the God infpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, fhe rails, fhe raves, fhe pines;
Her hiffing fnakes with venom fwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The fervile fiends her nod obey,
And all CURL's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and fpite.
Thus fhadow owes it's birth to light.

  As proftrate to the God of day
With heart devout a Perfian lay,

His invocation thus begun.
Parent of light, all-feeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whofe rays difpenfe
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praife, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and blefs the year.
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with fudden darknefs hung;
With pride and envy fwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
Weak is this gawdy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to fhine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incenfe know?
Where praife is due, the praife beftow.
With fervent zeal the Perfian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.
It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there.
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy fubftance is but plainer fhown.
A paffing gale, a puff of wind
Difpels thy thickeft troops combin'd.
The gale arofe; the vapor toft
(The fport of Winds) in air was loft;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit fhines.

FABLE XXIX.

The Fox *at the point of death.*

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him ſtand
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.
Ah, ſons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken ſlain?
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
Where, ſir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, gooſe, nor hen is here.
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain,
And your ſons lick their lips in vain.
O gluttons! ſays the drooping ſire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire.
Your liqu'riſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more.

Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns deftroy our race?
Thieves dread the fearching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us fhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happinefs attain,
Let honefty your paffions rein?
So live in credit and efteem,
And the good name you loft, redeem.
The counfel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advife.
Think what our anceftors have done;
A line of thieves from fon to fon:
To us defcends the long difgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmlefs fheep, fhould feed,
Honeft in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-rooft is decreas'd,
We fhall be thought to fhare the feaft.
The change fhall never be believ'd.
A loft good name is ne'er retriev'd.
Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

FABLE XXX.

The SETTING-DOG *and the* PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the ſtubble tries,
And ſearches every breeze that flies;
The ſcent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near.
The men, in ſilence, far behind,
Conſcious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wiſe,
The fraudful preparation ſpies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey ſprings, and ſeeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing ſhe tries,
Thus to the creeping ſpaniel cries.
Thou fawning ſlave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, ſneaking cheat,
Of thy whole ſpecies thou diſgrace,
Dogs ſhould diſown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with open honeſt hearts;
And, ere they ſerv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.
When thus the Dog with ſcornful ſmile:
Secure of wing thou dar'ſt revile.
Clowns are to poliſh'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the ruſtick mind!

My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard;
And ministers his skill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feasts my days.
I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
The place where you were train'd and fed:
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You come from court, you say. Adieu,
She said, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

The Universal APPARITION.

A Rake, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;

A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began.
  My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
  Thus said, the phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears:
He now from all excess abstains,
With physick purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
  But now again the sp'rit ascends,
Where e'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lover's names.
In other hours she represents
His houshold charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
  Strait all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;

Sets want and mifery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infefts his dreams, or wakes his nights.
How fhall he chafe this hideous gueft?
Power may perhaps protect his reft.
To pow'r he rofe. Again the Sp'rit
Befets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring feat,
How envy perfecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what difgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits to fly from Care,
And feeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his fteps purfues;
Warns him of blafts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring infects, fnails and rains,
And droughts that ftarve the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we feek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghoft addreft.
Since thou muft be my conftant gueft,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right fhould go before.

FABLE XXXII.

The two OWLS *and the* SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together ſat,
Conferring thus in ſolemn chat.
How is the modern taſte decay'd!
Where's the reſpect to wiſdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian ſages knew;
They gave our ſires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the ſeat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.
Brother, you reaſon well, replies
The ſolemn mate, with half ſhut eyes;
Right. Athens was the ſeat of learning,
And truly wiſdom is diſcerning.
Beſides, on Pallas' helm we ſit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more reſpected.
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beſide,
O'erhears them ſooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat
Who meets a fool, muſt find conceit.

I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd:
But ev'ry bird that wings the ſky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their ſchools to know
How falſe we judge by outward ſhow;
That we ſhould never looks eſteem,
Since fools as wiſe as you might ſeem.
Would you contempt and ſcorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be deſtroy'd;
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Purſue the ways by nature taught;
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

FABLE XXXIII.

The COURTIER *and* PROTEUS.

WHene'er a courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like PHILIP's ſon would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his power;
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began.
Came you from court? For in your mein
A self-important air is seen.
He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
Know, says the God, by matchless skill
I change to ev'ry shape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.
Thus said. A snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.
Know, says the Man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.
Sudden the God a lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might ſurpriſe;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the ſame.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of prey,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practiſe the frauds of ev'ry ſhape.
So ſaid. Upon the God he flies,
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.
Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurpriſe, or what you will,
The courtier finds evaſion ſtill;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

FABLE XXXIV.

The MASTIFFS.

THoſe who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.

A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.

When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As, on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

A cudgel ſhall correct your manners.
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.

To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Hoarſe ſcreaming from the circled croud,
To the curs'd Maſtiff cries aloud.

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in publick, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour or the ſhame.

Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their faſten'd Dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry ſide
Rebounded from the Maſtiff's hide.

All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe, and limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

The BARLEY-MOW *and the* DUNGHILL:

HOW many ſaucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-ſtreet?
Proud rogues, who ſhar'd the South-ſea prey,
And ſprung like muſhrooms in a day!
They think it mean, to condeſcend
To know a brother or a friend;
They bluſh to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expoſe their ſhame.

As croſs his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He ſtop'd, and, leaning on his fork,
Obſerv'd the flail's inceſſant work.

In thought he meaſur'd all his ſtore,
His geeſe, his hogs he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces ſhorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which ſtood beſide,
Thus to its muſing maſter cry'd.
Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and ſlight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raiſe your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus inſulted, thus diſgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are theſe poor ſweepings of a groom,
That filthy ſight, that nauſeous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence!
A thing ſo mean muſt give offence.
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd.
Thy Maſter hears, and mocks thy pride:
Inſult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know.
My warm aſſiſtance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadſt periſh'd low in earth.
But upſtarts, to ſupport their ſtation,
Cancel at once all obligation.

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS *and the* COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A Peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?
The Clown with surly voice replies,
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens annoy, my turkeys dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid.
See, on the wall his wings display'd,
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind.
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.
Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For publick good the murd'rer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,

Think how the glutton-man devours.
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!
Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.
Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain:
For * "Petty rogues submit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state.

FABLE XXXVII.

The FARMER'S WIFE *and the* RAVEN.

WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide
Hath no one since his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt, to me it fell.

* GARTH'S DISPENSARY.

Then to contribute to my loſs,
My knife and fork were laid acroſs;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were ſafe at home in bed!
Laſt night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next poſt ſome fatal news ſhall tell.
God ſend my Corniſh friends be well!
  Unhappy widow, ceaſe thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears.
Let not thy ſtomach be ſuſpended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy deſert I'll read my fable.

  Betwixt her ſwagging pannier's load
A farmer's wife to market rode.
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware,
When, ſtarting from her ſilver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her ſcream.
  That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curſe on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good. No more ſhe ſaid,
When poor blind Ball, with ſtumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her maſh'd eggs beſtrow'd the way.

L

She, ſprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, ſwore and curs'd. Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreſon throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, ſpare your oaths,
Unclench your fiſt, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me thoſe curſes thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old ſure footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun kept his legs,
And you, good woman, ſav'd your eggs.

FABLE XXXVIII.

The TURKEY *and the* ANT.

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find,
To our own ſtronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and ſought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold, the buſy Negroe race,
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man on turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days:
Sometimes with oiſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſav'ry chine.
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſev'n deadly ſins the worſt.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighb'ring beech.
Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill.

FABLE XXXIX.

The FATHER *and* JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.

Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view:
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
Once more, he cries, accept my prayer:
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire;
'Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bleſs'd.
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;

In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of power and place;
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus ſpoke the God. By outward ſhow,
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that poſſeſt,
To providence reſign the reſt.

FABLE XL.

The two MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward ſhow deride;
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant, and the ſcience:

The Don, a formal, ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieurs airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and ſpeaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain;
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at Apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but Apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a ſourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.

To ſee their grave obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.

Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monſtrouſly ill bred.

Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran;
Nor ended till the ſhow began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With ſommerſets he ſhakes the ground;

The cord beneath the dancer ſprings;
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſtorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twiſted arms aſcends:
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the ſight.
With ſmiles, quoth Pug; If pranks like theſe
The giant Apes of reaſon pleaſe,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They muſt adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've ſeen you cling;
Play, twiſt and turn in airy ring:
How can thoſe clumſy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applauſe, we find
Theſe emulators of our kind
Diſcern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimicks thus reward.
Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that Man is wiſe.
While good example they purſue,
We muſt allow ſome praiſe is due:
But when they ſtrain beyond their guide,
I laugh to ſcorn the mimic pride.
For how fantaſtic is the ſight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Becauſe we ſometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

FABLE XLI.

The Owl *and the* Farmer.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was ſeldom ſeen,
Within a barn had choſe his ſtation,
As fit for prey and contemplation.
Upon a beam aloft he ſits,
And nods, and ſeems to think, by fits.
So have I ſeen a man of news,
Or Poſt-boy, or Gazette peruſe;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on ſheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his ſtore
The farmer came. The hooting Gueſt
His ſelf-importance thus expreſt.
Reaſon in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how ſhallow is his ſenſe!
To treat with ſcorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly, or his ſpite.
Then too, how partial is his praiſe!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
To his ill-juding ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wiſdom ſtamp'd upon my face.

Whenc'er to viſit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!
Like ſlaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of ſuperior kind.
  The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'ſt thou with that harſh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling ſong?
Indulge thy ſpleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Beſides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'ſt thy ſlaves and train.
Few follow wiſdom, or her rules;
Fools in deriſion follow fools.

FABLE XLII.

The JUGGLERS.

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)
The devil at his finger's ends.
  Vice heard his fame, ſhe read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior ſkill,
She ſought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
  Is this then he ſo fam'd for ſlight?
Can this ſlow bungler cheat your ſight?

Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.
  Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done.
In science I submit to none.
  Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
  Vice now stept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
  This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.
  Next, to a senator addressing:
See this bank-note; observe the blessing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor ſtor'd,
By clean conveyance diſappear,
And now two bloody ſwords are there.
A purſe ſhe to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fiſt, the treaſure's fled;
He ſees a halter in its ſtead.
She bids ambition hold a wand;
He graſps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity ſhe ſhows,
Blow here; and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vaniſh'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table ſmokes a treat.
She ſhakes the dice, the board ſhe knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addreſt.
This picture ſee; her ſhape, her breaſt!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With ſurpriſe,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miſer's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the ſum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you ſee
Take ev'ry ſhape but Charity;

And not one thing you ſaw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was firſt in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this ſubmiſſion own'd her art.
Can I ſuch matchleſs ſlight withſtand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

FABLE XLIII.

The Council of HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing ſteed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whoſe eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire,
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſt'ning throng addreſt.
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlav'ry and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, friends, your ſtrength and might;
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right.

How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil;
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heav'ns! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first controul,
And still the tyger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
  A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
  When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.
  When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew.

Now grateful man rewards my pains.
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by heav'n assign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

The HOUND *and the* HUNTSMAN.

IMpertinence at first is born
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntſman ſounds,
At once ruſh forth the joyful hounds.
They ſeek the wood with eager pace,
Through buſh, through brier explore the chaſe.
Now ſcatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And ſnuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what induſtry, what pains!
What univerſal ſilence reigns!
Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once diſplays his babbling throat;
The Pack, regardleſs of the note,
Purſue the ſcent; with louder ſtrain
He ſtill perſiſts to vex the Train.
The Huntſman to the clamour flies;
The ſmacking laſh he ſmartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus expreſs'd his moan.
I know, the muſick of my tongue
Long ſince the Pack with envy ſtung.
What will not ſpite? Theſe bitter ſmarts
I owe to my ſuperior parts.
When puppies prate, the Huntſman cry'd,
They ſhow both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our ſcorn, not envy raiſe,
For envy is a kind of praiſe.
Had not thy forward noiſy tongue,
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,

Thou might'ſt have mingled with the reſt,
And ne'er thy fooliſh noſe confeſt.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are ſure to make their follies known.

FABLE XLV.

The POET *and the* ROSE.

I Hate the Man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus Scribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes LESBIA'S eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter, aukward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And ev'ry ſtalk with odour bends.
A roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging as the Muſe inſpir'd.

With ſhrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
  It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing trav'ler ſprung.
The Horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſu'd his way.
  A Shepherd's Dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
Thy teazing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadſt not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

FABLE XLVII.

The COURT *of* DEATH.

DEath, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
  In all his pomp of terrors ſate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!
Crowd the vaſt Court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.
  This night our Miniſter we name,
Let ev'ry ſervant ſpeak his claim;

Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand.
All, at the word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat poſſeſt,
Advanc'd, and for the wand addreſt.
I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere.
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place;
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and ſinew plies,
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſt,
A moſt tenacious ſtubborn gueſt.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due.
'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of love deſtroy:
My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſion to the place.
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force.
And, next, Conſumption's meagre corſe,
With feeble voice, that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd.
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like FABIUS, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, ſecure, though ſlow.

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the Monarch from the throne.
Merit was ever modest known.
What, no Physician speak his right!
None here? But fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend:
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And, as a courted guest, destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

FABLE XLVIII.

The GARDENER *and the* HOG.

A Gard'ner, of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd;
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd;

Who fondly ſtroak'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where-e'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.
As on a time, the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Maſter thus addreſs'd the Swine.
My houſe, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my beans and peaſe;
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupply'd!
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd.
He munches now the ſteaming grains,
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then ſtagg'ring through the garden ſcowers,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.
The Maſter came, the ruin ſpy'd,
Villain, ſuſpend thy rage, he cry'd.

Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers! No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with ſtutt'ring ſpeech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrown!
For I devour'd the roots alone.
At this the Gard'ner's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains;
Aſſaults his leg, and tears the veins.
Ah! fooliſh ſwain, too late you find
That ſties were for ſuch friends deſign'd!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace.
Who cheriſhes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late.

FABLE XLIX.

The MAN *and the* FLEA.

WHether on earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls ſurvey,
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or TAGUS, bright with golden ſands;
Or crawls beſide the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!
When bord'ring pinks and roſes bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like LAURA's cheek, when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The ſnail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All theſe were made for me!
What dignity's in human nature?
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky;
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main,
The moon, and all the ſtarry train,
Hung the vaſt vault of heav'n. The Man
His contemplation thus began.
When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,

And know all these by heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!
  Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose.
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

FABLE L.

The HARE *and many* FRIENDS.

FRiendship, like love, is but a name,
  Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

  A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
  As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the publick way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
  What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the horſe appear'd in view!
  Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendſhip ev'ry burthen's light.
  The horſe reply'd, Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
  She next the ſtately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus, might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind.
  The goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
  The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep, as well as Hares.
  She now the trotting calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
  Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! How weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart.
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see the hounds are just in view.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

F A B L E S.

BY THE LATE

M^{R} G A Y.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE FABLES were finished by Mr. GAY, and intended for the press, a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the Duke of QUEENSBERRY. His Grace has accordingly permitted them to the press, and they are here printed from the originals in the author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former FABLES, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly shew him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

F A B L E S.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

FABLE I.

The DOG *and the* FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I Know you Lawyers can, with eafe,
Twift words and meanings as you pleafe;
That language, by your fkill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev'ry client;
That 'tis the fee directs the fenfe,
To make out either fide's pretence.
When you perufe the cleareft cafe,
You fee it with a double face:
For fcepticifm's your profeffion;
You hold there's doubt in all expreffion.
Hence is the bar with fees fupply'd,
Hence eloquence takes either fide.
Your hand would have but paultry gleaning,
Could ev'ry man exprefs his meaning.
Who dares prefume to pen a deed,
Unlefs you previoufly are fee'd?

'Tis drawn; and, to augment the coſt,
In dull prolixity ingroſt.
And now we're well ſecur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
 Read o'er a will. Was't ever known,
But you could make the will your own?
For when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *ſe defendendo*,
I bar fallacious innuendo.
 Sagacious PORTA's ſkill could trace
Some beaſt or bird in ev'ry face.
The head, the eye, the noſe's ſhape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the ſketches thus deſign'd,
Reſemblance brings ſome friend to mind,
You ſhew the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monſtrous-like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round.
Like him I draw from gen'ral nature:
Is't I or you then fix the ſatyr?
 So, ſir, I beg you ſpare your pains
In making comments on my ſtrains.
All private ſlander I deteſt,
I judge not of my neighbour's breaſt:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the ſtate.

Shall not my fable cenfure vice,
Becaufe a knave is over-nice?
And, left the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lafh vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is't I apply, or felf-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the fame?
I no man call an ape or afs;
'Tis his own confcience holds the glafs.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A fhepherd's dog, unfkill'd in fports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all forts
Among the reft, a fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendfhip grew.
Says Renard, 'Tis a cruel cafe,
That man fhould ftigmatize our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honeft men and true.
Thus flander tries, whate'er it can,
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:

You know me free from all difguife;
My honour as my life I prize.
  By talk like this, from all miftruft
The dog was cur'd, and thought him juft.
  As on a time the fox held forth
On confcience, honefty, and worth,
Sudden he ftopt; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his brufhy tail with fear.
  Blefs us! the hunters are abroad.
What's all that clatter on the road?
  Hold, fays the Dog, we're fafe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a falfe alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way:
'Tis fo (I know her pye-ball'd mare)
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware.
  Renard grew huff. Says he, This fneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I fee.
Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.
  Friend, quoth the cur, I meant no harm:
Then why fo captious? why fo warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for ought I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you.

At this, gall'd Renard winc'd, and ſwore
Such language ne'er was giv'n before.
What's lamb to me? This ſaucy hint
Shews me, baſe knave, which way you ſquint.
If t'other night your maſter loſt
Three lambs; am I to pay the coſt?
Your vile reflexions would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie.
Thou knave, thou fool, (the dog reply'd)
The name is juſt, take either ſide;
Thy guilt theſe applications ſpeak:
Sirrah, 'tis conſcience makes you ſqueak.
So ſaying, on the fox he flies.
The ſelf-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

The VULTURE, *the* SPARROW, *and other Birds.*

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

ERE I begin, I muſt premiſe
Our miniſters are good and wiſe;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray, what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts; be't known,
I ne'er preſume to mean our own.
If general morals ſeem to joke
On miniſters, and ſuch like folk,

A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence.
I meddle with no ſtate-affairs,
But ſpare my jeſt to ſave my ears.
Our preſent ſchemes are too profound,
For MACHIAVEL himſelf to ſound:
To cenſure 'em I've no pretenſion;
I own they're paſt my comprehenſion.
  You ſay your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's caſe)
And that he very ſoon intends
To ply the court, and teaze his friends.
If there his merit chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whoſe conſtant actions prove him juſt
To both a king's and people's truſt;
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his riſe to ſuch a friend.
  You praiſe his parts for bus'neſs fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But thoſe alone will never do,
Unleſs his patron have 'em too.
  I've heard of times (pray God defend us,
We're not ſo good but he can mend us)
When wicked miniſters have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no int'reſt but their own.

Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with luſt,
The firſt in favour's pimp the firſt.
His doors are never clos'd to ſpies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and ſhame.
If ſchemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors ſwell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobbs of plunder for the year;
All conſciences muſt bend and ply;
You muſt vote on, and not know why:
Through thick and thin you muſt go on;
One ſcruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like theſe have curs'd a land,
And fav'rites cannot always ſtand;
Good courtiers ſhould for change be ready,
And not have principles too ſteady:
For ſhould a knave ingroſs the pow'r,
(God ſhield the realm from that ſad hour)
He muſt have rogues, or ſlaviſh fools:
For what's a knave without his tools?
Where-ever thoſe a people drain,
And ſtrut with infamy and gain;

I envy not her guilt and ſtate,
And ſcorn to ſhare the publick hate.
Let their own ſervile creatures riſe,
By ſcreening fraud, and venting lies:
Give me, kind heav'n, a private ſtation *,
A mind ſerene for contemplation:
Title and profit I reſign;
The poſt of honour ſhall be mine.
My fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with ſuch a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhimes
Always except the preſent times)
A greedy Vulture, ſkill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by ſhame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And ſtep by ſtep intrudes to pow'r:
When at the royal eagle's ear
He longs to eaſe the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him miniſter of ſtate!
Around him throng the feather'd rout.
Friends muſt be ſerv'd, and ſome muſt out.
Each thinks his own the beſt pretenſion;
This aſks a place, and that a penſion;

* —— *When impious men bear ſway,*
The poſt of honour is a private ſtation.

ADDISON.

The nightingale was ſet aſide.
A forward daw his room ſupply'd.
This bird (ſays he) for bus'neſs fit,
Hath both ſagacity and wit.
With all his turns, and ſhifts, and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing ſticks.
Then with his neighbours one ſo free
At all times will connive at me.
The hawk had due diſtinction ſhown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thouſands of hireling cocks attend him,
As bluſt'ring bullies to defend him.
At once the ravens were diſcarded,
And magpies with their poſts rewarded.
Thoſe fowls of omen I deteſt,
That pry into another's neſt.
State lies muſt loſe all good intent;
For they foreſee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and ſo to vote.
When rogues like theſe (a Sparrow cries)
To honours and employments riſe,
I court no favour, aſk no place;
From ſuch preferment is diſgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What theſe ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

FABLE III.

The BABOON *and the* POULTRY.

TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.

WE frequently mifplace efteem
By judging men by what they feem.
To birth, wealth, pow'r, we fhould allow
Precedence, and our loweft bow.
In that is due diftinction fhown.
Efteem is virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we're apt to fee
The man of noble pedigree.
We're prepoffefs'd my lord inherits
In fome degree his grandfire's merits;
For thofe we find upon record:
But find him nothing but my lord.
When we with fuperficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well underftood,
Hath frequent pow'r of doing good.
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the pow'r and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.
The cringing train of pow'r furvey.
What creatures are fo low as they!

With what obſequiouſneſs they bend!
To what vile actions condeſcend!
Their riſe is on their meanneſs built,
And flatt'ry is their ſmalleſt guilt.
What homage, rev'rence, adoration,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Have ſycophants to pow'r addreſs'd!
No matter who the pow'r poſſeſs'd.
Let miniſters be what they will,
You find their levees always fill.
Ev'n thoſe who have perplex'd a ſtate,
Whoſe actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their ſchemes,
Though more abſurd than madmens dreams.
When barb'rous MOLOCH was invok'd,
The blood of infants only ſmoak'd!
But here (unleſs all hiſt'ry lies)
Whole realms have been a ſacrifice.
  Look through all courts. 'Tis pow'r we find
The gen'ral idol of mankind;
There worſhip'd under ev'ry ſhape;
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-ſerving ſlaves,
Rich proſtitutes and needy knaves.
  Who then ſhall glory in his poſt?
How frail his pride, how vain his boaſt!
The followers of his proſp'rous hour
Are as unſtable as his pow'r.

Pow'r, by the breath of flatt'ry nurst,
The more it swells, is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time, an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd ev'ry thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round.
Then too his parts and ready wit
Shew'd him for ev'ry bus'ness fit.
With all these talents, 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust:
So to her fav'rite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind.
'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,

Fowls of all ranks ſurround his hut,
To worſhip his important ſtrut.
The miniſter appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obſequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
T'other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flatt'ry ran.
He hears and bears it like a man:
For, when we flatter ſelf-conceit,
We but his ſentiments repeat.
If we're too ſcrupulouſly juſt,
What profit's in a place of truſt?
The common practice of the great,
Is, to ſecure a ſnug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's ſtall was near,
Well ſtock'd with fruits through all the year.
Here ev'ry day he cramm'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments ſhould in corn be made.
The ſtock of grain was quickly ſpent,
And no account which way it went.
Then too the Poultry's ſtarv'd condition
Caus'd ſpeculations of ſuſpicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond diſpute:
Pug muſt refund his hoards of fruit;

And, though then minifter in chief,
Was branded as a publick thief.
Difgrac'd, defpis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A goofe pafs'd by; he knew the face,
Seen ev'ry levee while in place.
What, no refpect! no rev'rence fhown!
How faucy are thefe creatures grown!
Not two days fince (fays he) you bow'd
The loweft of my fawning crowd.
Proud fool, (replies the goofe) 'tis true,
Thy corn a flutt'ring levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And fold thee flatt'ry for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited ape,
We faw thee in thy proper fhape.

FABLE IV.

The ANT *in Office.*

TO A FRIEND.

YOU tell me, that you apprehend
My verfe may touchy folks offend.
In prudence too you think my rhimes
Should never fquint at courtiers crimes;
For though nor this, nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You aſk me if I ever knew
Court-chaplains thus the lawn purſue.
I meddle not with gown or lawn.
Poets, I grant, to riſe muſt fawn.
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never ſhock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney path deſpiſe:
'Tis my ambition not to riſe.
If I muſt proſtitute the muſe,
The baſe conditions I refuſe.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring guilt to ſhame.
If I corruption's hand expoſe,
I make corrupted men my foes.
What then? I hate the paltry tribe.
Be virtue mine; be their's the bribe.
I no man's property invade:
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I ſhame brib'ry out of uſe.
I know 'twould cramp moſt politicians,
Were they ty'd down to theſe conditions.
'Twould ſtint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts ſeem leſs profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools,
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the caſe, let's take a view,
What dreadful miſchiefs would enſue.

Though it might aggrandize the ſtate,
Could private lux'ry dine on plate?
Kings might indeed their friends reward,
But miniſters find leſs regard.
Informers, ſycophants, and ſpies,
Would not augment the year's ſupplies.
Perhaps too, take away this prop,
An annual jobb or two might drop.
Beſides, if penſions were deny'd,
Could avarice ſupport its pride?
It might ev'n miniſters confound,
And yet the ſtate be ſafe and ſound.
I care not though 'tis underſtood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wiſh all courtiers did the ſame.
Nay, though ſome folks the leſs might get,
I wiſh the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With publick good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a miniſter diſgrac'd.
I ſtrike at vice; be't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?
I hope, corruption, brib'ry, penſion,
One may with deteſtation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *ſcandalum magnatum* make it?

I vent no ſlander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conſcience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare againſt all vice declaim.
Shall I not cenſure breach of truſt,
Becauſe knaves know themſelves unjuſt?
That ſteward whoſe account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never ſhun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd upright.
But then you think my fable bears
Alluſion too to ſtate-affairs.
I grant it does: And who's ſo great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For miniſters may thirſt for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation;
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whoſe forward prate
Controul'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go:
For he had impudence at will,
And boaſted univerſal ſkill.
Ambition was his point in view.
Thus by degrees to pow'r he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He's made chief treas'rer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are juſt,
And puniſh breach of publick truſt,
'Tis order'd (leſt wrong application
Should ſtarve that wiſe induſtrious nation)
That all accounts be ſtated clear,
Their ſtock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors ſhall theſe inſpect,
And publick rapine thus be check'd:
For this the ſolemn day was ſet.
The auditors in council met.
The gran'ry-keeper muſt explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (ſince he could not refuſe 'em)
Some ſcraps of paper to amuſe 'em.
An honeſt piſmire, warm with zeal,
In juſtice to the publick weal,
Thus ſpoke. The nation's hoard is low.
From whence does this profuſion flow?
I know our annual fund's amount.
Why ſuch expence? and where's th' account?
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd.
Conſider, ſirs, were ſecrets told,
How could the beſt-ſchem'd projects hold?
Should we ſtate-myſteries diſcloſe,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our preſent ſchemes conceal:

But, on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence.
They paſs'd th' account, as fair and juſt,
And voted him implicit truſt.
Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.
Think how our preſent matters ſtand,
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand;
What hoſts of turkeys ſtroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Conſider, when invaſion's near,
Intelligence muſt coſt us dear;
And, in this ticklish ſituation,
A ſecret told betrays the nation.
But on my honour, all th' expence
(Though vaſt) was for the ſwarm's defence.
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his ſage adminiſtration.
The year revolves. The treaſure ſpent,
Again in ſecret ſervice went.
His honour too again was pledg'd
To ſatisfy the charge alledg'd.
When thus, with panick ſhame poſſeſs'd,
An auditor his friends addreſs'd.
What are we? miniſterial tools.
We little knaves are greater fools.
At laſt this ſecret is explor'd;
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.

For ev'ry grain we touch'd, at leaſt
A thouſand his own heaps increas'd.
Then, for his kin, and fav'rite ſpies,
A hundred hardly could ſuffice.
Thus, for a paltry ſneaking bribe,
We cheat ourſelves, and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains,
Grows from our annual toil and pains.
They vote th' account ſhall be inſpected;
The cunning plund'rer is detected:
The fraud is ſentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to publick uſe reſtor'd.

FABLE V.

The BEAR *in a Boat.*

TO A COXCOMB.

THAT man muſt daily wiſer grow,
Whoſe ſearch is bent himſelf to know:
Impartially he weighs his ſcope,
And on firm reaſon founds his hope;
He tries his ſtrength before the race,
And never ſeeks his own diſgrace;
He knows the compaſs, ſail and oar,
Or never launches from the ſhore;
Before he builds, computes the coſt,
And in no proud purſuit is loſt:

He learns the bounds of human ſenſe,
And ſafely walks within the fence.
Thus conſcious of his own defect,
Are pride and ſelf-importance check'd.
  If then, ſelf-knowledge to purſue,
Direct our life in ev'ry view,
Of all the fools that pride can boaſt,
A Coxcomb claims diſtinction moſt.
  Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind;
They're not to ſex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or ſmall;
And vanity beſots 'em all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd:
Thoſe moſt aſſume who know the leaſt;
Their own falſe balance gives 'em weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.
  Not that all Coxcombs follies ſtrike,
And draw our ridicule alike.
To diff'rent merits each pretends.
This in love vanity tranſcends;
That ſmitten with his face and ſhape,
By dreſs diſtinguiſhes the ape;
T'other with learning crams his ſhelf,
Knows books, and all things but himſelf.
  All theſe are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition.
For thoſe, puff'd up with flatt'ry, dare
Aſſume a nation's various care:

They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd MACHIAVEL at large
By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.
Does commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He'll be an adm'ral when he will.
Now meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.

Left you miſtake the application,
The fable calls me to relation.

A Bear of ſhagg and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dextrouſly, and ſafe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the ſwarm.
Thus thriving on induſtrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd ſpoil.
This trick ſo ſwell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprize too great.
Alike in ſciences and arts,
He boaſted univerſal parts;
Pragmatic, buſy, buſtling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroul'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beaſts, with admiration, ſtare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In ev'ry province will preſide.
No taſk too difficult was found.
His blund'ring noſe miſleads the hound:

In ſtratagem and ſubtle arts,
He over-rules the fox's parts.
It chanc'd, as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, ſail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the ſhore.
He ſtopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting ſtrain.
What blund'ring puppies are mankind,
In ev'ry ſcience always blind!
I mock the pedantry of ſchools.
What are their compaſſes and rules?
From me that helm ſhall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance diſcern.
So ſaying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the ſide.
The beaſts aſtoniſh'd line the ſtrand.
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land:
The ſlack ſail ſhifts from ſide to ſide;
The boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random toſt,
His oar breaks ſhort, the rudder's loſt.
The Bear, preſuming in his ſkill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
Till, ſtriking on the dang'rous ſands,
A-ground the ſhatter'd veſſel ſtands.
To ſee the bungler thus diſtreſt,
The very fiſhes ſneer and jeſt.

Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clam'rous watermen appear,
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thresh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Derision shouts along the strand.

FABLE VI.

The SQUIRE *and his* CUR.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part.
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail.
Let envy snarl, let slander rail,
From virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart.
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be controul'd by place and season.
What statesman could his pow'r support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art.
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the int'rest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded.
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the publick ruin.

* ANTIOCHUS, with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chace;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The PARTHIAN clown brought forth his best.

* PLUTARCH.

The king unknown his feaſt enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what ſudden friendſhip ſprings!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
We country-folk (the clown replies)
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king, (as all our neighbours ſay),
Might he (God bleſs him!) have his way,
Is ſound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it, if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor ſubjects would be rid.
Were he in pow'r, we need not doubt him:
But that transferr'd to thoſe about him,
On them he throws the regal cares:
And what mind they? their own affairs.
If ſuch rapacious hands he truſt,
The beſt of men may ſeem unjuſt.
From kings to coblers 'tis the ſame:
Bad ſervants wound their maſter's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king knew as much as we.
Here he ſtopt ſhort. Repoſe they ſought.
The peaſant ſlept, the monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their loſt ſov'reign was withdrawn.
The guards approach, our hoſt alarms,
With gaudy coats the cottage ſwarms:

The crown and purple robes they bring,
And proſtrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd, the royal gueſt
By due reward his thanks expreſt.
The king then, turning to the croud,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus ſpoke. Since, bent on private gain,
Your counſels firſt miſled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here converſing. Hence, ye crew,
For now I know myſelf and you.
  Whene'er the royal ear's ingroſt,
State-lies but little genius coſt.
The fav'rite then ſecurely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poiſons dares inſtil;
And, as his preſent views ſuggeſt,
Inflames or ſooths the royal breaſt.
Thus wicked miniſters oppreſs,
When oft the monarch means redreſs.
  Would kings their private ſubjects hear,
A miniſter muſt talk with fear.
If honeſty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuſe.
'Twould keep him in ſuch narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.

Happy were kings, could they difclofe
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themfelves and fubjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the ufe of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wife.
But then a minifter might lofe
(Hard cafe!) his own ambitious views.
When fuch as thefe have vex'd a ftate,
Purfu'd by univerfal hate,
Their falfe fupport at once hath fail'd,
And perfevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is feen;
Truth will at laft remove the fcreen.

A country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true, ftaunch dogs of chace neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed;
His hand ne'er ftroak'd the fpaniel's head.
A fnappifh Cur, alone careft,
By lies had banifh'd all the reft.
YAP had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full fcope of converfation.
His fycophants muft be preferr'd;
Room muft be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his fchemes about,
Old faithful fervants all muft out.

The Cur on ev'ry creature flew,
(As other great mens puppies do),
Unlefs due court to him were fhown,
And both their face and bus'nefs known.
No honeft tongue an audience found:
He worried all the tenants round;
For why, he liv'd in conftant fear,
Left truth by chance fhould interfere.
If any ftranger dar'd intrude,
The noify Cur his heels purfu'd.
Now fierce with rage, now ftruck with dread,
At once he fnarl'd, bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with briftling hair,
And thus in fecret growls his fear.
Who knows but truth, in this difguife,
May fruftrate my beft guarded lies?
Should fhe (thus mafk'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's fign'd.
Now in his howl's continu'd found,
Their words were loft, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honeft tongues,
Thus ev'ry day he ftrain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour.
That YAP, unmindful of his pow'r,
Forfook his poft, to love inclin'd.
A fav'rite bitch was in the wind.
By her feduc'd, in am'rous play,
They frifk'd the joyous hours away.

Thus by untimely love purſuing,
Like ANTONY, he ſought his ruin.
For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noiſe,
An honeſt neighbour's chat enjoys.
Be free, (ſays he), your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants ſhun my gate.
Why ſuch a ſtranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not ſo well inclin'd.
Turn off your Cur, (the farmer cries),
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His ſnarling inſolence offends.
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that ſaucy puppy checkt,
You'd find again the ſame reſpect.
Hear only him, he'll ſwear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true eſtate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate.
The 'Squire heard truth. Now YAP ruſh'd in;
The wide hall echoes with his din:
Yet truth prevail'd; and, with diſgrace,
The Dog was cudgell'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

The COUNTRYMAN *and* JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

HAve you a friend (look round and ſpy)
So fond, ſo prepoſſeſs'd as I?
Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown;
Have I been over prone to blame,
Or mortified your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not ſo ſtrange, that fortune's frown
Still perſeveres to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do.
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er,
Write, practiſe morals, and be poor.
The gifts of fortune truly rate;
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate.

If happineſs on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants increaſe the more.
Think, GAY, (what ne'er may be the caſe),
Should fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
Suppoſe yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear;
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others) find.
With change of fortune, change of mind?
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds,
Might ſwell your debts: then, luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to jail.
Or were you dignified with pow'r,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cauſe,
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,

Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinſic and the true),
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in ev'ry ſphere:
Who finds content, will find her there.

O'erſpent with toil, beneath the ſhade,
A peaſant reſted on his ſpade.
Good gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year.
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious labour bids me riſe;
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And ev'ry day renews my care.
JOVE heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring ſwain.
Speak out your wants then, honeſt friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in ev'ry ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you'd be.
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown ſurvey'd the anxious croud.
Yon face of care, ſays JOVE, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.

See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to-day hath ſwell'd his ſtore.
  Were I that man, (the Peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?
  Hold, ſays the God; firſt learn to know
True happineſs from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition——
Here, take it, view his true condition.
  He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
  May JOVE, he cries, reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee, amidſt a gaudy crowd,
Yon miniſter ſo gay and proud,
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!
First take the glaſs, the God replies;
Man views the World with partial eyes.
  Good gods! exclaims the ſtartled wight,
Defend me from this hideous ſight!

Corruption, with corrofive fmart,
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart:
I fee him, with polluted hand,
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now av'rice with infatiate jaws,
Now rapine with her harpy claws,
His bofom tears. His confcious breaft
Groans with a load of crimes oppreft.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in fpeeches vain and proud,
His boafts infult the nether crowd;
Now, feiz'd with giddinefs and fear,
He trembles left his fall is near.
Was ever wretch like this, he cries!
Such mifery in fuch difguife!
The change, O JOVE, I difavow.
Still be my lot the fpade and plough.
He next, confirm'd by fpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ftatefman feem'd in part,
And bore fimilitude of heart.
Nor did the foldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirft of fpoil and fame:
The miferies of war he mourn'd
Whole nations into defarts turn'd.
By thefe have laws and rights been brav'd;
By thefe was free-born man enflav'd:

When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may I decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!
  Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his raſh petition.
  When thus the God: How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in ev'ry honeſt mind.
Be juſtice then your ſole purſuit.
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.
  So JOVE, to gratify the Clown,
Where firſt he found him ſet him down.

FABLE VIII.

The MAN, *the* CAT, *the* DOG, *and the* FLY.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

HAIL, happy land, whoſe fertile grounds
  The liquid fence of NEPTUNE bounds;
By bounteous nature ſet apart,
The ſeat of induſtry and art!
O BRITAIN! choſen port of trade,
May lux'ry ne'er thy ſons invade;
May never miniſter (intent
His private treaſures to augment)

Corrupt thy ſtate. If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppoſe,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is't preſcribes the ocean law?
  Whenever neighb'ring ſtates contend,
'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.
What is't, who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory ſtands.
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffuſing good among mankind:
That firſt gave luſtre to thy reigns,
And ſcatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth ſupplies,
And draws all EUROPE's envious eyes.
Be commerce then thy ſole deſign;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
  When naval traffic plows the main,
Who ſhares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that ſupports the regal ſtate,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The num'rous flocks, that clothe the land,
Can ſcarce ſupply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harveſt yields.
  Nature expects mankind ſhould ſhare
The duties of the publick care.
Who's born for ſloth? * To ſome we find
The plough-ſhare's annual toil aſſign'd.

* BARROW.

Some at the founding anvil glow;
Some the fwift-fliding fhuttle throw:
Some, ftudious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by induftry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art:
While fome, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue affift mankind:
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's ufeful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
  The monarch, when his table's fpread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And when in all his glory dreft,
Owes to the loom his royal veft.
Do not the mafon's toil and care,
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art fupply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All thefe, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's caufe)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honeft toil employ,
And with content their fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry rank, or great or fmall,
'Tis induftry fupports us all.

The animals, by want oppreſs'd,
To man their ſervices addreſs'd.
While each purſu'd their ſelfiſh good,
They hunger'd for precarious food.
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next.
They ſaw that plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial life;
That mutual induſtry profeſs'd,
The various wants of man redreſs'd.
The Cat, half-famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to ſpeak.
Well, Puſs (ſays Man) and what can you
To benefit the publick do?
The Cat replies. Theſe teeth, theſe claws,
With vigilance ſhall ſerve the cauſe.
The mouſe, deſtroy'd by my purſuit,
No longer ſhall your feaſts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuſcade,
With waſteful teeth your ſtores invade.
I grant, ſays Man, to gen'ral uſe
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threſhers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a foe to ſpoil,
Protect the farmer's honeſt toil.

Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your merits try'd.
Sir, ſays the Dog, by ſelf-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if diſtruſt
E'er found me treach'rous or unjuſt.
Did I e'er faith or friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe creatures; let them ſpeak.
My vigilance and truſty zeal
Perhaps might ſerve the publick weal.
Might not your flocks in ſafety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you ſleep?
The Man replies. 'Tis juſt and right
Rewards ſuch ſervice ſhould requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a publick view,
The firſt diſtinction is your due.
Such merits all reward tranſcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend.
Addreſſing now the Fly: From you
What publick ſervice can accrue?
From me! (the flutt'ring inſect ſaid)
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit
That I to induſtry ſubmit?

Let mean mechanicks, to be fed,
By bus'neſs earn ignoble bread.
Loſt in exceſs of daily joys,
No thought, no care my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I ſip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxuriouſly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe.
The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs coxcomb chides.
Hence, from that peach, that downy ſeat;
No idle fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing rind,
And on that pulp ambroſial din'd,
Had not ſome hand, with ſkill and toil,
To raiſe the tree, prepar'd the ſoil?
Conſider, ſot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs things as you.
You'd ſoon be forc'd (by hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty meals on dung;
On which ſuch deſpicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh inſect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong diſcern)
That he who, with induſtrious zeal,
Contributes to the publick weal,

By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly underftood.
So faying, with a fudden blow,
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crufh'd in his luxury and pride,
The fpunger on the public dy'd.

FABLE IX.

The Jackall, Leopard, *and other Beafts.*

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I Grant corruption fways mankind;
That int'reft too perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common fenfe,
Foil'd reafon, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you too, our prefent crimes
Can equal thofe of former times.
Againft plain facts fhall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know, that in a modern fift,
Bribes in full energy fubfift.
Since then thefe arguments prevail,
And itching palms are ftill fo frail,
Hence politicians, you fuggeft,
Should drive the nail that goes the beft;
That it fhows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.

To this I humbly muſt diſſent;
Premiſing, no reflexion's meant.
Does juſtice, or the client's ſenſe,
Teach lawyers either ſide's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its ſpirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wiſdom, or addreſs,
Obtain the proſtitute's careſs?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From ev'ry hand alike perſuades.
Man, ſcripture ſays, is prone to evil,
But does that vindicate the devil?
Beſides, the more mankind are prone,
The leſs the devil's parts are ſhown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in ev'ry ſtate.
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd
By places, penſions, bribes, diſpens'd;
By theſe they glory'd in ſucceſs,
And impudently dar'd oppreſs;
By theſe deſpoticly they ſway'd,
And ſlaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By theſe alone were realms deſtroy'd.
Now ſee theſe wretches in diſgrace,
Stript of their treaſures, pow'r, and place;
View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to juſt reproach and ſcorn.

What now is all your pride, your boaſt?
Where are your ſlaves, your flatt'ring hoſt?
What tongues now feed you with applauſe?
Where are the champions of your cauſe?
Now ev'n that very fawning train
Which ſhar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Preſs foremoſt who ſhall firſt accuſe
Your ſelfiſh jobbs, your paltry views,
Your narrow ſchemes, your breach of truſt,
And want of talents to be juſt.
What fools were theſe amidſt their pow'r!
How thoughtleſs of their adverſe hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it, theſe ſycophants to get,
Your bounty ſwell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit. For theſe, like Swiſs, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The Lion is (beyond diſpute)
Allow'd the moſt majeſtic brute;
His valour and his gen'rous mind
Prove him ſuperior of his kind.
Yet to Jackalls (as 'tis averr'd)
Some Lions have their power transferr'd:
As if the parts of pimps and ſpies
To govern foreſts could ſuffice.
Once, ſtudious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppreſs'd the wood;

To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case,
And feels the terrors of disgrace.
By friends (says he) I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat:
I'll strengthen pow'r by new allies,
And all my clam'rous foes despise.
To make the gen'rous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new proselytes inlist.
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause:
Yet think not ev'ry paw withstands
What had prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base hog through thick and thin:
Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary wolf was stanch:
The convert fox grew warm and hearty,
A pullet gain'd him to the party:

The golden pippin in his fist,
A chatt'ring monkey join'd the list.
But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The fav'rite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light.
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising sun.
The hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profest,
A lamb's head was the wolf's request.
The fox submitted, if to touch
A goslin would be deem'd too much.
The monkey thought his grin and chatter,
Might ask a nut or some such matter.
Ye hirelings, hence, (the Leopard cries);
Your venal conscience I despise.
He who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by ev'ry honest heart.
Corruption now too late hath show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd.

By you your bubbled maſter's taught,
Time-ſerving tools, not friends, are bought.

FABLE X.

The DEGENERATE BEES.

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT, DEAN O
ST. PATRICK'S.

THough courts the practice diſallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong:
A friendſhip may be kept too long;
And that they call the prudent part,
Is to wear int'reſt next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendſhips ſhould to new give place.
I know too you have many foes,
That owning you is ſharing thoſe;
That ev'ry knave in ev'ry ſtation,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you ſpeak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you ſpite.
Such freedoms in your works are ſhown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces too in church and ſtate
In frothy nonſenſe ſhew their hate;
With all the petty ſcribbling crew,
(And thoſe pert ſots are not a few),

'Gainſt you and POPE their envy ſpurt.
The bookſellers alone are hurt.
Good gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have pow'r and place)
Are ſcandals rais'd, and libels writ,
To prove your honeſty and wit!
Think with yourſelf: Thoſe worthy men,
You know, have ſuffered by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myſelf, I know of none,
Beſides the wiſe and good alone.
To ſet the caſe in fairer light,
My fable ſhall the reſt recite;
Which (tho' unlike our preſent ſtate)
I for the moral's ſake relate.

A Bee, of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of pow'r, but more of gain,
Corruption ſow'd throughout the hive.
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.
As pow'r and wealth his views ſupply'd,
'Twas ſeen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conſcience wanted ſpirit;
And thoſe who follow'd honour's rules,
Were laugh'd to ſcorn for ſqueamiſh fools.

Wealth claim'd diſtinction, favour, grace;
And poverty alone was baſe.
He treated induſtry with ſlight,
Unleſs he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties gave way,
To bring his ſelfiſh ſchemes in play.
The ſwarm forgot the common toil,
To ſhare the gleanings of his ſpoil.
While vulgar ſouls, of narrow parts,
Waſte life in low mechanic arts,
Let us, (ſays he), to genius born,
The drudg'ry of our fathers ſcorn.
The waſp and drone, you muſt agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they ſport and play;
No bus'neſs interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbour's live.
A ſtubborn Bee, among the ſwarm,
With honeſt indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd.
I ſlight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I thoſe reſpect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none againſt the torrent ſtrive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his riſe on your diſgrace.

'Tis induſtry our ſtate maintains.
'Twas honeſt toil and honeſt gains
That rais'd our ſires to pow'r and fame.
Be virtuous; ſave yourſelves from ſhame.
Know, that, in ſelfiſh ends purſuſing,
You ſcramble for the publick ruin.
He ſpoke; and, from his cell diſmiſs'd,
Was inſolently ſcoff'd and hiſs'd.
With him a friend or two reſign'd,
Diſdaining the degen'rate kind.
Theſe drones (ſays he) theſe inſects vile,
(I treat them in their proper ſtyle)
May for a time oppreſs the ſtate.
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our publick zeal;
Diſgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

FABLE XI.

The PACK-HORSE *and the* CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEgin, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatt'rer's ſtyle reject;

With that, by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit:
Set your great anceſtor's in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the publick weal;
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning ſlight,
You're but a dunce in ſtronger light:
In foremoſt rank, the coward, plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobbs can condeſcend,

Good gods! (ſays he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and diſgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Muſt I too bear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs, and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy ROAN, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!
Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old BALL! ſo mean a foe!
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
NEWMARKET ſpeaks my grandſire's fame,
All jockeys ſtill revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his maſſy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a liv'ry train;
Returning too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, ſir, be underſtood,
Reſpect's my due; for I have blood.
Vain-glorious fool (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this ſlaviſh part.
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?

We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.
By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends.
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won,
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your ſires:
If you degen'rate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.

A Carrier, ev'ry night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn.
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.
The manger now had all its meaſure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleaſure:
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſnorted, joſtled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye-balls ſwell'd with pride.

Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vitious frolicks fancy ſpirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou reſtif, pert, conceited ſot.
Your ſires I rev'rence; 'tis their due:
But, worthleſs fool, what's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They'll ſay thy keeping's ill beſtow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.
What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs hath more intrinſick good.
By outward ſhew let's not be cheated:
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated.

FABLE XII.

Pan *and* Fortune.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' eſtate had been their own)
The gameſters outwardly expreſt
The decent joy within your breaſt.
So laviſh in your praiſe they grew,
As ſpoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.

No houſe, ſays he, is more compleat;
The garden's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble ſize.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Beſides, 'tis no entail'd eſtate.
If caſh run low, his lands in fee
Are or for ſale, or mortgage free.
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem'd to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treaſures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the ſtealth,
Who raſhly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom could gameſters thrive?
Is it in charity you game,
To ſave your worthy gang from ſhame?
Unleſs you furniſh'd daily bread,
Which way could idleneſs be fed?
Could theſe profeſſors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They muſt run bolder riſques for prey,
And ſtrip the trav'ler on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they ſhare,
And 'ſcape the nooſe from year to year.

Confider, ere you make the bett,
That fum might crofs your taylor's debt.
When you the pilf'ring rattle fhake,
Is not your honour too at ftake?
Muft you not by mean lies evade
To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade?
By promifes fo often paid,
Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?
Muft you not pitifully fawn,
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This muft be done. In debts of play
Your honour fuffers no delay:
And not this year's and next year's rent
The fons of rapine can content.
Look round. The wrecks of play behold,
Eftates difmember'd, mortgag'd, fold!
Their owners, not to jails confin'd,
Shew equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the fpoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of pow'r,
And, with the mercenary lift,
Upon court charity fubfift.
You'll find at laft this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves purfue.

The foreft (a whole cent'ry's fhade)
Muft be one wafteful ruin made.

No mercy's ſhewn to age or kind;
The gen'ral maſſacre is ſign'd.
The park too ſhares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'Squire,
(What will not barb'rous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the ſtroke.
Fall'n are the elm and rev'rend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes ſound,
And echo groans with ev'ry wound.
To ſee the deſolation ſpread,
PAN drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His boſom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he ſpurns.
Cards too, in peeviſh paſſion torn,
The ſport of whirling winds are born.
To ſnails invet'rate hate I bear,
Who ſpoil the verdure of the year:
The caterpillar I deteſt,
The blooming ſpring's voracious peſt;
The locuſt too, whoſe rav'nous band
Spreads ſudden famine o'er the land.
But what are theſe? The dice's throw
At once hath laid a foreſt low.
The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
And the wide park hath loſt its ſhade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waſte.

All this (he cries) is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus ſhe meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that falſe, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry inſect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface.
  Fortune, by chance, who near him paſt,
O'erheard the vile aſperſion caſt.
  Why, PAN, (ſays ſhe), what's all this rant?
'Tis ev'ry country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroneſs of vice?
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the ſhuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men purſue,
I mind the leaſt what gameſters do.
There may (if computation's juſt)
One now and then my conduct truſt:
I blame the fool; for what can I,
When ninety nine my pow'r defy?
Theſe truſt alone their fingers ends,
And not one ſtake on me depends.
Whene'er the gaming-board is ſet,
Two claſſes of mankind are met:
But if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater ſpace.
'Tis a groſs error, held in ſchools,
That Fortune always favours fools.

In play it never bears diſpute;
That doctrine theſe fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me ſuch rancour ſhew?
'Tis folly, PAN, that is thy foe.
By me his late eſtate he won,
But he by Folly was undone.

FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

Of all the burthens man muſt bear,
Time ſeems moſt galling and ſevere!
Beneath this grievous load oppreſs'd,
We daily meet ſome friend diſtreſs'd.
What can one do? I roſe at nine.
'Tis full ſix hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.
A pamphlet is before him ſpread,
And almoſt half a page is read;
Tir'd with the ſtudy of the day,
The flutt'ring ſheets are toſt away.
He opes his ſnuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns and ſtretches in his chair.
Not twenty, by the minute hand!
Good gods! ſays he, my watch muſt ſtand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.

The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to riſe too late.
  To make the minutes faſter run,
Then too his tireſome ſelf to ſhun,
To the next coffee-houſe he ſpeeds,
Takes up the news, ſome ſcraps he reads.
Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails.
He ſpies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they ſhare,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
  Says TOM, ſince all men muſt confeſs
That time lies heavy more or leſs;
Why ſhould it be ſo hard to get
Till two, a party at piquet?
Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not quadrille amuſe the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and ſpleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away.
  My caſe, ſays WILL, then muſt be hard,
By want of ſkill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy theſe, whoſe time ne'er ſtands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.

Were it not for this cursed show'r,
The park had whil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two.
It fully answers my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine,
The tavern makes our burthen light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! Unless I sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun.
Loit'ring from room to room I stray;
Converse, but nothing hear or say;
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd night
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here too our early mornings pass,
Till drousy sleep retards the glass.
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.
Consider, friends, no hour rolls on,
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of bus'ness bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,

Your hours, your days would fly too faſt;
You'd then regret the minute paſt.
Time's fugitive and light as wind!
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your ſpirits ſhake;
You'll own, and grieve for your miſtake.
A while your thoughtleſs ſpleen ſuſpend,
Then read; and (if you can) attend.

As PLUTUS, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
CUPID o'ertook his ſtrutting pace.
Each ſtar'd upon the ſtranger's face,
Till recollection ſet 'em right;
For each knew t'other but by ſight.
After ſome complimental talk,
TIME met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various ſubjects ran,
But moſt, what each had done for man.
PLUTUS, aſſumes a haughty air,
Juſt like our purſe-proud fellows here.
Let kings (ſays he) let coblers tell,
Whoſe gifts among mankind excel.
Conſider courts: What draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That ſtateſman hath the ſtrongeſt hold,
Whoſe tool of politicks is gold.

By that, in former reigns, 'tis ſaid,
The knave in power hath ſenates led.
By that alone he ſway'd debates,
Enrich'd himſelf, and beggar'd ſtates.
Forego your boaſt. You muſt conclude,
That's moſt eſteem'd that's moſt purſu'd.
Think too, in what a woful plight
That wretch muſt live whoſe pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want depreſt?
Penurious care corrodes his breaſt.
Without reſpect, or love, or friends,
His ſolitary day deſcends.

You might, ſays CUPID, doubt my parts,
My knowledge too in human hearts,
Should I the pow'r of gold diſpute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing elſe prevails,
Perſuaſive money ſeldom fails;
That beauty too (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conſcience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profeſt)
Is but a money-jobb at beſt.
Conſent, compliance may be ſold:
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retale,
Expoſe what they call love, to ſale.
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchaſe flatt'ry and deceit.

Those who true love have ever try'd,
(The common cares of life supply'd)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But ev'ry real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store:
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other ev'ry wish they give.
Not to know love, is not to live.

Or love, or money (TIME reply'd)
Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected or mis-spent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won,
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd;
Wealth, learning, wisdom is attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtile and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.

Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, mif-fpent in vain?
For time mif-us'd they pine and wafte,
And love's fweet pleafures never tafte.
Thofe who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each purfuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedlefs then are mortals grown!
How little is their int'reft known?
In ev'ry view they ought to mind me;
For when once loft, they never find me.
He fpoke. The gods no more conteft,
And his fuperior gift confeft;
That time (when truly underftood)
Is the moft precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

The Owl, *the* Swan, *the* Cock, *the* Spider, *the* Ass, *and the* Farmer.

TO A MOTHER.

Converfing with your fprightly boys,
Your eyes have fpoke the mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their fayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind,
Nature appears profufely kind.

Truſt not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint juſt morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents ſcan:
Juſt education forms the man.
  Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the church's right.
I cenſure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents miſapplied and croſt,
Conſider, all your ſons are loſt.
  One day (the tale's by MARTIAL penn'd)
A father thus addreſs'd his friend.
To train my boy, and call forth ſenſe,
You know I've ſtuck at no expence;
I've try'd him in the ſev'ral arts,
(The lad no doubt hath latent parts)
Yet trying all, he nothing knows;
But, crab-like, rather backward goes:
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice ſhall fix my ſon.
Sir, ſays the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuſe me, for I ſcorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect.
  Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.

The boy wants wit; he's ſent to ſchool,
Where learning but improves the fool:
The college next muſt give him parts,
And cram him with the lib'ral arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree
The ſexton ſhare the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonſenſe pour;
We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)
A tailor or a butcher ſpoil'd.
Thus miniſters have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In ſpite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for ev'ry poſt were fit.
But now let ev'ry muſe confeſs
That merit finds its due ſucceſs.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue ſeen without reward?
Diſtinguiſh'd and in place you find
Deſert and worth of ev'ry kind.
Survey the rev'rend bench, and ſee
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honeſty diſgrac'd and poor?
What is't to us what was before?

We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, ſons, and couſins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing underſtood?
In church and ſtate, the ſorry race
Grew more conſpicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobler's trade.
Conſider, patrons, that ſuch elves
Expoſe your folly with themſelves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its ſphere.
Your partial hand can wealth diſpenſe,
But never give a blockhead ſenſe.

An Owl of magiſterial air,
Of ſolemn voice, of brow auſtere,
Aſſum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wiſdom in his face.
Not to depretiate learned eyes,
I've ſeen a pedant look as wiſe.
Within a barn from noiſe retir'd,
He ſcorn'd the world, himſelf admir'd;

And, like an ancient ſage, conceal'd
The follies publick life reveal'd.
Philoſophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth, to ſcience bred,
Their manners form'd for ev'ry ſtation,
And deſtin'd each his occupation.
When XENOPHON, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people ſav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by SOCRATES was ſown.
To ARISTOTLE's greater name
The MACEDONIAN own'd his fame.
Th' ATHENIAN bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit;
And, copying the SOCRATICK rule,
Set up for maſter of a ſchool.
Dogmatick jargon learnt by heart,
Trite ſentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears ſeem'd ſo profound,
They fancy'd learning in the ſound.
The ſchool had fame: the crowded place
With pupils ſwarm'd of ev'ry race.
With theſe the Swan's maternal care
Had ſent her ſcarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanick kind,
Aſpir'd to ſcience more refin'd:

The Aſs learnt metaphors and tropes,
But moſt on muſic fix'd his hopes.
  The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's buſy ſtage;
And to the maſter 'twas ſubmitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.
  The Swan (ſays he) in arms ſhall ſhine:
The ſoldier's glorious toil be thine.
  The Cock ſhall mighty wealth attain:
Go, ſeek it on the ſtormy main.
  The court ſhall be the Spider's ſphere:
Pow'r, fortune ſhall reward him there.
  In muſic's art the Aſs's fame
Shall emulate CORELLI's name.
  Each took the part that he adviſ'd,
And all were equally deſpiſ'd.
A Farmer at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd.
  Blockhead, (ſays he), by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your ſon:
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Conſult nor parts nor turn of mind;
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what t'other ſon ſhould be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the caſe,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place.
The Swan had learnt the ſailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the ſoldier's part;

The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the fool, in ev'ry claſs
The blockhead had appear'd an Aſs.

FABLE XV.

The COOK-MAID, *the* TURNSPIT, *and the* OX.

TO A POOR MAN.

CONſider man in ev'ry ſphere,
Then tell me, is your lot ſevere?
'Tis murmur, diſcontent, diſtruſt,
That makes you wretched. God is juſt.
I grant, that hunger muſt be fed,
That toil too earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are ſeen and known.
But ev'ry mortal feels his own.
We're born a reſtleſs needy crew:
Shew me the happier man than you.
ADAM, though bleſs'd above his kind,
For want of ſocial woman pin'd.
EVE's wants the ſubtile ſerpent ſaw.
Her fickle taſte tranſgreſs'd the law:
Thus fell our ſires; and their diſgrace
The curſe entail'd on human race.

When Philip's ſon, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire ſpread;
When altars to his name were dreſs'd,
That he was man, his tears confeſs'd.
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants reſpect.
What various wants on pow'r attend?
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of ſurfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from ev'ry uſe of wealth,
Envies the plowman's ſtrength and health.
Another in a beauteous wife
Finds all the miſeries of life:
Domeſtic jars and jealous fear
Imbitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is loſt:
Why was that vain entail ingroſt?
Canſt thou diſcern another's mind?
Why is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell envy, when ſhe would annoy,
That thouſands want what you enjoy.

The dinner muſt be diſh'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnſpit gone?
Unleſs the ſkulking Cur is caught,
The ſir-loin's ſpoil'd, and I'm in fault.
Thus ſaid; (for ſure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit),

With all the fury of a Cook,
Her cooler kitchen NAN forsook.
The broomstick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves.
The sneaking Cur before her flies:
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.
  Was ever Cur so curs'd? (he cry'd.)
What star did at my birth preside!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! Of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman carest,
Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
Knights, 'squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chace.

Endu'd with native ſtrength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion ſire?
A lion! ſuch mean views I ſcorn.
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with reaſon's pow'r contend?
On man we brutal ſlaves depend;
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day.
 An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.
 Dare you at partial fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barb'rous knife
Hath ſever'd me from ſocial life;
Urg'd by the ſtimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the ſtubborn plain,
Break the ſtiff ſoil, and houſe the grain;
Yet I without a murmur bear
The various labours of the year.
But then conſider, that one day,
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your poſt,
Shall turn the ſpit when I'm the roaſt;
And for reward ſhall ſhare the feaſt,
I mean ſhall pick my bones at leaſt.
 Till now, th' aſtoniſh'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious eyes.

How falſe we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their ſev'ral cares.
If thus yon mighty beaſt complains,
Perhaps man knows ſuperior pains.
Let envy then no more torment.
Think on the Ox, and learn content.
  Thus ſaid; cloſe following at her heel,
With chearful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

The RAVENS, *the* SEXTON, *and the* EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

LAURA, methinks you're over-nice,
  True. Flatt'ry is a ſhocking vice;
Yet ſure, whene'er the praiſe is juſt,
One may commend without diſguſt.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beſide?
How ſingular are all your ways!
A woman, and averſe to praiſe!
If 'tis offence ſuch truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
  Since then I dare not ſpeak my mind,
A truth conſpicuous to mankind;

Though in full luſtre ev'ry grace
Diſtinguiſh your celeſtial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like ſtars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade: I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praiſe.
 If you the tribute due diſdain,
The muſe's mortifying ſtrain
Shall, like a woman, in mere ſpight
Set beauty in a moral light.
 Though ſuch revenge might ſhock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair;
I mean that ſuperficial race
Whoſe thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
What's that to you? I but diſpleaſe
Such ever-girliſh ears as theſe.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That laſts the ſame through ev'ry ſtage.
Though you by time muſt ſuffer more
Than ever woman loſt before;
To age is ſuch indiff'rence ſhown,
As if your face were not your own.
 Were you by ANTONINUS taught?
Or is it native ſtrength of thought,
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourſelf by reaſon's light?
Thoſe eyes of ſo divine a ray,
What are they? mould'ring, mortal clay.

Thoſe features, caſt in heav'nly mould,
Shall, like my coarſer earth, grow old;
Like common graſs, the faireſt flow'r
Muſt feel the hoary ſeaſon's pow'r.
  How weak, how vain is human pride!
Dares man upon himſelf confide?
The wretch who glories in his gain,
Amaſſes heaps on heaps in vain.
Why loſe we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can thoſe (when tortur'd by diſeaſe)
Chear our ſick heart, or purchaſe eaſe?
Can thoſe prolong one gaſp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
  What's beauty? Call ye that your own,
A flow'r that fades as ſoon as blown?
What's man in all his boaſt of ſway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
  Alike the laws of life take place
Through ev'ry branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from duſt as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's reſtleſs pains?
Can he (worn down in nature's courſe)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)
Stretch life beyond the deſtin'd hour?

Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two Ravens sat. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.
Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcase in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and daily drudg'ry freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!
To birds of taste delicious meat.
A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
Was ever two such blund'ring fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads, says he, learn more respect.
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'Squire that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.

Whence could the groſs miſtake proceed?
The 'Squire was ſomewhat fat indeed.
What then? The meaneſt bird of prey
Such want of ſenſe could ne'er betray:
For ſure ſome diff'rence muſt be found
(Suppoſe the ſmelling organ ſound)
In carcaſſes (ſay what we can)
Or where's the dignity of man?
With due reſpect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the caſe.
In ſuch ſimilitude of ſcent,
Man ne'er could think reflexion meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And ſeem their ſav'ry words to eat,
They prais'd dead horſe, luxurious food,
The ven'ſon of the preſcient brood.
The Sexton's indignation mov'd,
The mean compariſon reprov'd;
Their undiſcerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful ſpeech from either ſide
The want of argument ſupply'd:
They rail, revile: as often ends
The conteſt of diſputing friends.
Hold, ſays the Fowl; ſince human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's ſtate the caſe, and then refer
The knotty point: for taſte may err.

As thus he ſpoke, from out the mold
An Earth-worm, huge of ſize, unroll'd
His monſtrous length. They ſtrait agree
To chuſe him as their referee.
So to th' experience of his jaws,
Each ſtates the merits of the cauſe.
He paus'd, and with a ſolemn tone
Thus made his ſage opinion known.
On carcaſſes of ev'ry kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beaſt, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such ſmall diſtinction's in the ſavour,
By turns I chuſe the fancy'd flavour.
Yet I muſt own (that human beaſt)
A glutton, is the rankeſt feaſt.
Man, ceaſe this boaſt; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beſide.
The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whoſe dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the ſmall,
Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we reptiles ſhare
Such cates, ſuch elegance of fare:
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food.
'Tis ſeated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue diſtinguiſhes mankind,

And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the foul we know not where.
So, good-man Sexton, fince the cafe
Appears with fuch a dubious face,
To neither I the caufe determine,
For diff'rent taftes pleafe diff'rent vermin.

FINIS.